

11785. cc. 12
SONGS, DUETS, and CHORUSSES,

IN THE

POOR SOLDIER;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

WRITTEN BY MR. O'KEEFE.



PRICE THREE PENCE.

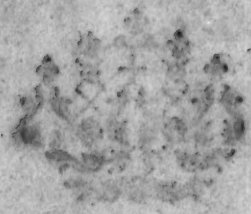
SONGS, DUETS, and CHORUSES

POOR LIDIER;



THEATRE ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN

WRITTEN BY MR. OWEN



PRICE THREE PENCE

SONGS, DUETS, and CHORUSSES,
IN THE
POOR SOLDIER.

AIR. ——— DERMOT:

SLEEP on my Kathleene dear,
May Peace possess thy Breast,
Yet dost thou dream thy Dermot's here,
Depriv'd of Peace and Rest;
The Birds sing sweet, the Morning breaks,
Those Joys are none to me;
Tho' Sleep is fled poor Dermot wakes,
To none but Love and Thee.

AIR. ——— DABBY.

DEAR Kathleene you no doubt
Find Sleep how very sweet 'tis,
Dogs bark and Cocks have crow'd out,
You never dream how late 'tis;
This Morning gay, I post away,
To have with you a little play,
On two Legs rid, along to bid
Good-morrow to your Night Cap.

II.

Last Night a little browsy,
With Whiskey, Ale and Cyder,
I ask'd young Betty Blowfy,
To let me sit beside her;
Her Anger rose, as four as Sloes,
The little Gipsy cock'd her Nose,
Yet here I've rid, along to bid
Good-morrow to your Night Cap.

SINCE

A I R.—KATHLEENE.

SINCE Love is the Plan,
I'll love if I can,
But first let me tell you what Sort of Man;
In Address how complete,
And his Dress spruce and neat,
But no Matter his Height, so its over five Feet;
In Chat brisk and witty,
His Eyes I'll think pretty,
If sparkling with Pleasure whenever we meet.
If sparkling with Pleasure, &c.
In Chat brisk and witty, &c.

II.

Tho' gentle he be,
His Man he should see,
Yet never be conquer'd by any but me;
In a Song bear a Bob,
In a Glass a Hob Nob,
Yet drink of his Reason, his Noddle ne'er rob;
This is my Fancy,
If such a Man can see,
I'm his, if he's mine, until then I am free.
I'm his, &c.

DUETT.—DARBY and KATHLEENE.

KATH. Out of my Sight or I'll box your Ears;
DARBY. I'll fit you soon for your Jibes and your Jeers;
KATH. I'll deck my Cap at a smart young Man,
DARBY. Another I'll wed this Night if I can;
KATH. In Courtship funny,
DARBY. One sweet as Honey,
KATH. You Drone,
DARBY. No Kate I'm your humble Bee,
KATH. { Go dance your Dog with your fiddle de dee,
For a sprightly Jigg is the Tune for me.
BOTH. { Go dance your Dog with your fiddle de dee,
For a sprightly Jig is the Tune for me.
KATH. Like sweet Milk turn'd, now to me seems Love,
DARBY. The fragrant Rose does a Nettle prove,
KATH. Sour Curds I taste, tho' sweet Cream I chuse,
DARBY. And with a Netle I sting my Nose;
In Courtship funny, &c.

SHARON AIR. — NORAH DUFF

THE Meadows look cheerful, the Birds sweetly sing,
So gayly they carol the Praises of Spring;
Tho' Nature rejoices, poor Norah shall mourn,
Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

II.

Ye Lasses of Dublin, ah, hide your gay Charms,
Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond Arms,
Tho' Sattins and Ribbons and Laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with such Feeling as mine.

III.

AIR. — PATRICK.

HOW happy the Soldier, who lives on his Pay,
And spends Half a Crown out of Six-pence a day;
Yet fears neither Justices, Warrants, or Bums;
But pays all his Debts with the Roll of his Drums.

II.

He cares not a Marv'd how the World goes,
His King finds him Quarters and Money and Cloaths;
He laughs at all Sorrow whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the Roll of his Drums.

III.

The Drum is his Glory, his Joy and Delight,
It leads him to Pleasure as well as to fight;
No Girl when she hears it, tho' ever so glum,
But packs up her Tatters and follows the Drum.

AIR. — PATRICK.

THE wealthy Fool with Gold in store,
Will still desire to grow richer;
Give me but these I ask no more,
My charming Girl, my Friend and Pitcher.—
My Friend so rare, my Girl so fair,
With such what Mortal can be richer,
Give me but these, a Fig for Care,
With my sweet Girl, my Friend and Pitcher.

II.

Tho' Fortune ever shuts my Door,
I know not what can bewitch her,
With all my Heart can I be poor,
With my sweet Girl, my Friend and Pitcher.
My Friend so rare, &c.

DUETT:—PATRICK and NORAH;

A ROSE Tree full in bearing,
 Had sweet Flowers fair to see,
 One Rose beyond comparing,
 For Beadry attracted me;
 Tho' eager once to win it,
 Lovely blooming, fresh and gay,
 I find a Canker in it,
 And now throw it far away.

II.

How fine this Morning early,
 All sun-shiney clear and bright,
 So late I lov'd you dearly,
 Tho' lost now each fond Delight;
 The Clouds seem big with Showers,
 Sunny Beams no more are seen,
 Farewell ye happy Hours,
 Your Fallhood has chang'd the Scene.
 The Clouds seem big, &c.

III.

A C T II.

SONG.—DARBY.

THO' late I was plump, round and jolly,
 I now am as thin as a Rod,
 Oh! Love is the Cause of my Folly,
 And now I lie under a Sod;
 Sing ditherum doodle,
 Nagedy, nagety, tragedy rum,
 And goosetherum foodle,
 Fidgety, fidgety, nigety—mum.

Dear

II.

Dear Kathleen then why did you flout me,
A Lad that's so cosy and warm,
Oh! every Thing handsome about me,
My Cabin and little snug Farm;
Sing ditherum, &c.

III.

What tho' I have scrap'd up no Money,
No Duns at my Chamber attend,
On Sunday I ride on my Poney,
And still have a Bit for my Friend;
Sing ditherum, &c.

IV.

The Cock courts his Hens all around me,
The Sparrow, the Pigeon, and Dove;
Oh! how all this Courting confounds me;
When I look and I think of my Love;
Sing ditherum, &c.

A I R.—PATRICK.

THO' Leixlip is proud of its close shady Bowers,
Its clear falling Waters, its murm'ring Cascades,
Its grove of fine Myrtle, its Beds of sweet Flowers,
Its Lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty Maids;
As each his own Village will still make the most of,
In Praise of dear Carton, I hope I'm not wrong,
Dear Carton containing what Kingdoms may boast of,
'Tis Norah, dear Norah, the Theme of my Song.
Dear Carton containing, &c.

II.

Be Gentlemen fine, with their Spurs and nice Boots on,
Their Horses to start on the Curragh of Kildare,
Or dance at a Ball with their Sunday new Suits on,
Lac'd Waistcoats, white Gloves, and their nice powder'd Hair,
Poor Pat while so blest in his mean humble Station,
For Gold or for Acres he never shall long;
One sweet smile can give him the Wealth of a Nation,
From Norah, dear Norah, the Theme of my Song.
One sweet smile can give him, &c.

AIR.

A I R.—FITZROY.

THE Spring with smiling Face is seen,
 To usher in the May,
 And Nature clad in Mantle Green,
 All sprigg'd with Flow'rets gay;
 The feather'd Songsters of the Grove,
 Then join in Harmony.
 And Love—the Songsters of the Grove,
 Then join in Harmony,
 And Love—the Songsters, &c.

II.

The Lark that soaring cleaves the Sky,
 Low builds her humble Nest,
 The rambling Boy that finds the Prize,
 Is sure supremely blest;
 For when the tuneful Bird is flown,
 He hastes and marks it for his own.
 For when the tuneful Bird is flown,
 He hastes and marks it for his own. For &c.

A I R.—DERMOT.

DEAR Sir, this brown Jug, that now foams with mild Ale,
 Out of which I now drink to sweet Kate of the Vale;
 Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old Soul,
 As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a Bowl;
 In boozing about 'twas his Praise to excel,
 And amongst jolly Toppers he bore off the Bell.
 He bore off the Bell.

II.

It chanc'd as in Dog-days he sat at his Ease,
 In his flow'r-woven Arbour as gay as you please;
 With a Friend and a Pipe puffing Sorrow away,
 And with honest old Stingo, was soaking his Clay;
 His Breath-doors of Life, on a sudden were shut,
 And he died full as big as a Dorchester Butt.

As a Dorchester Butt, &c.

III.

His Body when long in the Ground it had lain,
 And Time into Clay had resolv'd it again,
 A Porter found out in his Covert so snug,
 And with Part of fat Toby, he form'd this brown Jug;
 Now sacred to Friendship, and Mirth, and brown Ale,
 So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the Vale.—Sweet &c.

A I R.—FATHER LUKE.

YOU know I'm your Priest, and your Conscience is mine,
 And if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good Sign,
 But leave off your Raking and marry a Wife,
 And then my dear Darby you're settled for Life.
 Sing a Ballynamona Oro, Ballynamona Oro,
 Ballynamona Oro, A good merry Wedding for me.

II.

The Banns being publish'd to Chapel we go,
 The Bride and the Bridegroom in Coats white as Snow;
 So modest her Air, and so sheepish your Look,
 You out with your Ring and I open my Book,
 Sing Ballynamona Oro, &c.

III.

I thumb out the Place, and I then read away,
 She blushes at love and she whispers obey;
 You take her dear Hand to have and to hold,
 I shut up the Book and I pocket the Gold.
 Sing Ballynamona Oro, Ballynamona Oro,
 Ballynamona Oro, The snug little Guinea for me.

IV.

The Neighbours with Joy to the Bridegroom and Bride,
 The Pipers before, as you march Side by Side,
 A plentiful Dinner gives Mirth to each Face,
 The Piper plays up, myself I say Grace.
 Sing Ballynamona Oro, Ballynamona Oro,
 Ballynamona Oro, A good Wedding Dinner for me.

V.

The Joke now goes round, and the Stocking is thrown,
 The Curtains are drawn, and you're both left alone,
 'Tis then my good Boy I believe you're at home,
 And hey for a Christ'ning—at Nine Months to come.
 Sing Ballynamona Oro, Ballynamona Oro,
 Ballynamona Oro, A good merry Christ'ning for me.

 QUARTETTO.—FATHER LUKE, DERMOT,
 DARBY, and KATHLEENE.

KATH. YOU the Point may carry,
 If awhile you tarry,
 But for you, I tell you true,
 No, you I'll never marry.

CHORUS. You the Point may carry, &c.

DERMOT. Care our Souls disowning;
Punch our Sorrows drowning,
Laugh and love, and ever prove,
Joys our Wishes crowning.
Care our Souls disowning, &c.

DERBY. To the Church I'll hand her,
Then thro' the World I'll wander,
I'll sob and sigh, until I die,
A poor-forsaken Gander.
To the Church I'll hand her, &c.

FATHER LUKE. Each pious Priest since Moses;
One mighty Truth discloses,
You're never vexed, if this his Text,
Go fuddle all your Noses.
Each pious Priest, &c.

A I R.—DARBY.

SINCE Kathleen has prov'd so untrue, ri tol, &c.
Poor Darby, ah, what can you do? tol, &c.
No longer I'll stay here a Clown, tol, &c.
But sell off, and gallop to Town; fol, &c.
I'll dress and I'll strut with an Air, fol de rol, &c.
The Barber shall twiggle my Hair, tol de rol, &c.

II.

In Town I shall cut a great Dash, ri tol, &c.
But how shall I compass the Cash?
At Gaming perhaps I may win,
With Cards I can take the Flats in,
Or trundle false Dice, and their nick'd,
If found out I shall only be kick'd, tol de roll, &c.

III.

But first for to get a great Name, ri tol, &c.
A Duel establish my Fame;
To my Man then a Challenge I'll write,
But first I'll be sure he won't fight;
We'll swear not to part till we fall,
Then shoot without Powder, and the Devil a Ball, tol, &c.

FINALE.—

[11]

FINALE.

FITZROY, NORAH, PATRICK, KATHLEENE, DARBY,
FATHER LUKE, and DERMOT.

FITZROY. WHAT true Felicity I shall find,
When these are join'd by Fortune kind,
How pleasing to me, so happy to see,
Such Virtue and Merit rewarded.

NORAH. No future Sorrow can grieve us,
If you will please to forgive us,
To each kind Friend, thus we lowly bend,
Your Pardon, that gain'd, we're delighted,
CHORUS. No future Sorrow, &c.

PATRICK. With my Commission, yet dearest Life,
My charming Wife, with Drum and Fife,
Shall beat up to Arms, the Plunder your Charms,
In Love your Poor Soldier you'll find me.

KATHLEENE. This Love my Wishes has granted,
I get the dear Lad that I wanted,
Lest pleas'd with a Duke, when good Father Luke,
To my own little Dermot has join'd me.
This Love my Wishes, &c.

DARBY. You impudent Hussey, a pretty Rate
Of Love you prate, but hark you Kate
Your little dear Lad, will find that his Pad,
Has got a nice Kick—in her Gallop.

FATH. LUKE. Now Darby upon my Salvation,
You merit Excommunication,
In Love but agree, and shortly you'll see,
In Marriage I'll soon tie you all up.
Now Darby upon, &c.

DERMOT. The Devil a bit a'me cares a Bean,
For neat and clean, we'll both be seen,
Myself and my Lass, next Sunday at Mass,
And there we'll be coupled for ever.

PAT.

PATRICK. The Laurel I've won in the Field, Sir,
Yet now in a Garden I yield Sir,
Nor think it a Shame, your Mercy to claim,
Your Mercy's my Sword and my Shield, Sir,

CHORUS OF } The Laurel and Bays, revive by your Praise,
MEN. } Our Poet solicits your Pardon;

CHORUS OF } Then be not severe, with Smiles you can cheer,
WOMEN. } The Posies of your Covent-Garden.

GENERAL CHORUS.

The Laurel and Bays, revive by your Praise,
Our Poet solicits, &c.

F I N I S.



